old time jokes about woman's insincer

made its heroine an unmarried woman

In English and American society, as

well as in France, the women recognized

as social leaders and society belles are women oftener in the thirties than in

full of the fragrance of eternal youth.

Lives cease to be measured by

new language or a fresh study with

A Novel Bridal Procession

A pretty little bride-to-be-in-a-mor

"Yes, I'm in earnest," she continued

pair my two little nieces, five years old.

They shall be dressed in light blue and

lead Rex between them with light blue

ribbons from his collar I know he'll

behave nicely, and of course I couldn't

Somebody said it sounded dreadful

because it reminded one of an Indian

brave's funeral, which his favorite war

horse is allowed to attend; but the bride-

to be is practicing Rex in walking up

"I can't imagine why be should but be

"He told me he admired you for the

way you extracted a proposal from him.

More Accustomed to a Tiptue.

church welding as Mr. Wilkins of Chr.

came started to leave his sent without

"tireat heavous? exclaimed Wilking

One of the finest collections of antique

"Do you expect a tip too?" - himirs the

"You have forgotten something sir

wants to marry me."

MHFL

think of leavi to the dear fellow out "

vorite setter and a beauty.

lating influences.

thirty-seven years old.

JUST SO:

The idea that First Class l'ailor Made Ready-to-Wear Suits cannot be adjusted to fit any shape is

WE GUARANTEE TO SELL YOU a perfect fitting SUIT, BEST MATERIAL BEST WORKMANSHIP, that will surprise your merchant tailor. Try us.

We have all the staples and all the novelties in Gents' Fine Furnishings. Gardiner & Baxter.

JUST SO:

BEFORE THE BLOSSOM.

In the tassel thus of spring Love's the only song to sing:

Fre the ranks of solid shade.

Hide the binchird's fitting wing.

Wille in open forest glade.

No nepturious seared or thing.

Hasnit of green has found or made.

Love's the only song to sing.

Though in May each bush be dressed Like a little, and every nest
Learn Love s joyous repetend,
Yet the haif tont tale is best
At the building—with its end

Much too segret to be greased, And its funcion that attend April's punion unexpressed.

Love and Nature communing Cure us Aready. Still ring— Vales across and groves among— Westful memories, echoing Pan's faroff and fluty song. Post, nothing harsher sing: Be, like Love and Nature, young In the case living of scripe.

ne of spring.

-Robert N. Johnson.

A STRUGGLIN CHIEL.

It's a' about my ainsel', when I was yet I suld Dunblane. Favther's wee bit o' a cottage was by the noo famous cathedral ruins that are visited by tourists free a' parts. Some auld beeches protected us frae the simmer's heat an winter's cauld, an we were vers hoppy thegither afore our separation. But we were sue puir l' these far back days! Mother were the same manteels year after year, an fayther's class an mine were always o' raploch, a vera coarse cloth. Yet oor chinda lug was a warm spot an I has no seen its equal sin'. Fayther was simply unlucky, an mither an me offen suffered i' consequence. Sae little o' benk learnin fell to my share, nor did I blame my parents for it. But I had my ain way to mak', an I sune resolved that I wad goe to Edinburgh to mak' it. But puir mither wasna willin. "Better bide at hame, laddie," she wad whisper again an again. "Stay wi' fayan me, an dinna fret."

"But we'll a' be starvin." I wad argue I turn. "Better let me gang awa' i'

"No, Jockie! Dinna think aboot it! Edinburgh is a braw town an a wicked one. Dumblane an the Alian are far

Sae, though I secretly rebelled, I still staid i' the auld home, wi' little to eat save waterbrose, which mither made o' meal an water, wi'cot the pleasant addition o' milk an butter.

An then cam' the struggle of which I maun tell, recht there i' Dunblane. I warked wi' fayther at any day's labor that cam' to his diligent hand, an one aupenross way. We walked alang the Allan i' silence, niver ance lookin up at the grand suld beeches owreheid, for we were baith thinkin an thinkin hard. My een were on the groun, or I wadna hae foun wat I did. It was something brecht an shinin directly i' my path, an I stoopt an pockited it i' a flash.

Wat was it?" askt fayther carelessly. "A braw bit o' a pebble," I answere! "It can gae on mither's shelf." An wi' that we hurried on to the wark that waited us.

But mony times that day I drew forth the stane an leukt it owre. That it was mair than a pebble I had kenned at first glance. If it was really a diamond, who was its owner? There were lairds an Indies na sae far awa', an they often cam' to walk alang the bonnio Allan. Perhaps a hue and cry wad be raised about the lost jewel. Or it might has lain for weeks, juist where I foun it, and there wad be na further question. I' the latter case I could gae to Edinburgh an sell my lucky find, an eae get a start i' life, such as I had lang hoped for. I didna stop to think how wrang it wad a' be, for I had but my ain selfish advancemen' in view. "Where's the pebble you foun for

mither, Jock?" askt fayther that nicht. "I mann has lest it again," I stammered, for it was my first lie to either m or milher. I wanted to tell them the trowth then an' there, but yet I kep' it back because I was see plackless, for they wad batth my, "Your pebble may prove a diamend, an you maun find its ghtfu' owner, Jockie Blacklock!" But that wasna at a' to my notion, an I stole out under the moon an stare instead, to be alane wi' my struggle 'tween recht and wrang. An ivry ance an awhile I wad lenk the stane in my pockit owre. Wat a sparkle it had! Perhaps it was worth a hundred pounds or noar! An whose was it? Weel, I hoped then that I might never ken.

But the very sent night, as I cam' slow from work along the Allan, I saw a man i'a braw velvet plaid serchin' the spot where I had foun my stane. He had a blackthern stick i' his han. an he was scatterin the beach leaves recut an left. A second glanco tank! me it was suld Laird Kinross, o' Edinburgh, who had a shootin box near by He delma look up at my approach, an juiet stood an watched him i' silence. wanted to pass on but somelow combine do it, for the brecht thing he secrebit for was in my pociety. Connelence whispert, "The housest an true, Jock Blacklock" But satan cheq.lt. "Keepthe said label's stane! He has many mither, an this age will gie you a stort Inter Ocean.

P Elinburgh." Sae I hesitated for a

But Laird Kinross lenkt up at las' "My gude lad," he said kindly, "I has bet a diamond o' mooth value. It was vestermorn when we cam' through to the and an it was recht here by the Allan. Perhaps you has heard o' its findin." An the gude God aboon gisd me strength to answer, "I hae, my laird," His keen gray cen quickly leakt me "You may has foun it your ain-

An I answered amin: "I did that, my laird, an here is your precious stane. I has been a load on my heart an con-

science, though light as a bit feather i'my peckit."
"You wanted to keep it?" he speirt as

he tok it frae my tremblin han. "Yes, my bard." "But you has been an honest lad for a" that, an I shall reward you as you de-

serve. W'at is your name?"
"Jock Blacklock, my laird." "Aye, maybap a descendant o' the puir poet Burns' guee friend, Dr. Blacklock." "I dinna ken. I fear na." I returned.

"I am juist the sen o' my fayther, James Blacklock, an he is Dunblane born." "How wad you like to gae to Edinburgh?" he speirt next. My heert giel a great boun. "It's the

ane wish o' my life!" I cried.

The old laird smiled. "Ane o' my friens there is a hanker. He needs an honest lad o' your am age, an you shall hae the place as sune as you wish.'

I fell on my knees i' gratitude, but he bid me rise at ance. "Hae you a mither, Jock?" he speirt again.
"Aye, my laird."

"Then tak' me to her an we'll arrange aboot the Edinburgh matter." I led the way to oor cottage wi' falter-ing footstep. I had lied to fayther about the "pebble," an how could I confess it

a' to mither? She met us at the door-

stane wi' wond'rin een, courtesyin low, as was her humble fashion. "I am Laird Kinross," the auld nobleman began. "Your son Jock foun an restored to me the diamond I had lost,

But juist here my ain fayther stepped sot. "Was it the pebble you lied to me aboot, Jock?"

An I had to admit that it was. Oh, the shame an sorrow o' w'at wad otherwise has bin the proodest minute o' my

"It was a sair temptation," said gude Laird Kinross. "Dinna be hard on the lad. He is as honest as you an his mither would wish him, an I has come to tak him awa' to Edinburgh, wi' your con-

Fayther leukt at mither, mither leukt at fayther, an then they baith lenkt at Laird Kinross. But I couldna leuk ano o' them i' the een, because o' yestreen's

"Ye want Jock?" he stammered. "Oor puir, weak Jock. Ye wad trust him aifter a? "Yes," said Laird Kinross, "a gude place i' an Edinburgh bank awaits him

if he will but tak' it, wi' your permis-"Oh. Jockie!" sighed mither. "I wad

hae staked my ain life on your trowth, but noo" "He shall mak' a fresh start!" pit i' the gude auld laird. "An you mann trust

him again for his youth's sake!" "That we will, mither!" cried fayther. "Jock's a steady goin lad, but the findin o' the diamond turned his heid. It was his first lie, an"----

"It shall be my las'?" I cried, wi' a burst o' tears. Mither kissed me then, an Laird Kinross tuk frae his pockit a heavy purse, also pittin a han fu' o' gowd on the ha' table. "It's for Jock's ootfit an his findin o' my diamend," he said. "Dinna re-fuse it! the laddie deserves it a'; an on the morrow he shall gae wi' me to Edin-

Sae fayther an mither thanked him heartily, but I couldna say a word.

Laird Kinross pit his ungloved han on my worthless held at parting-"Puir laddie," he said. "It will be a gude lesson to you, an one you will niver forget. God keep you a' till the morrow!" An wi' that he ganged awa', his braw plaid flyin back on the stiff mornin breeze.

Then I turned me quick to dear fayther an mither. "Forgie!" I cried. hae deceived you baith! But it shall no occur again! I promise to be true an honest to the day o' my death an ne'er disgrace the name you has given me!"

"You hae our blessing to tak' wi' you to Edinburgh," said fayther. "Mither an me will forgie an try to forget if we can, but it was a lie you told me, Jock; always remember that. When you are tempted again say to yoursel', 'I told fayther my first and los' lie. I canna tell muither!

"Nor will I," I cried sadly, as mither kisst me ance mair.

I went to Edinburgh the next day wi' Laird Kinross, as agreed upon. Mr. Brayham, the banker, proved a gude maister. My position at the first was a lowly ane, but step by step I rose, as any ither laddie can an will. Laird Kinross' generous handfu' o' gowd kept fayther and mither free free want till i was able to help them my aimed. I cam' to America at Inc', and they didus besitate to come wi me. I prospered here also an am noo called a mon o' means. But the foundation of my success was laid the autumn mornin I restored to Laird Kinross his braw dismond against my own salflah desire.

Fayther and migher died five years apart, on they baith died blooding me. 'You have been a gule son," they said P turn, "bonest an true, as you promist,

God keep you, Jackie, to the end!" An their loving blessing follows me still like a constant benediction. Surely they are watchin and waltin aboon. An I moun most them thee .- Mrs. Finley Braden in New York Observer.

Mrs. Wagner-dlow do you manage to Broom marvaints are small? Mrs. Cutern-We have a very hand-

some polycoma on this beat. - Chicago

Highest of all in Leavening Power .- Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



NOT ALL ONE WAY The Charms of Youth Does Not

Always Excel THE GRACES OF MATURITY

A New Type of Femininity Itas Arisen, and the Combination of Angel and Idiot Idealized in Poetry.



HE old time superstitions in regard to woman are year by year growing fewer in number. and it is safe to predict that in the not distant future her social and intellectual rights will be everywhere as freely acknowledged as are her brothers'

In all ages and countries where women have been regarded as intellectually inferior to men and relegated to the animal plane their charm has been considered as a thing exclusively of youth. In eastern lands girls are mothers at twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age, grandmothers often at thirty or younger and old and passee at thirty-five.

That a woman could possess any per-sonal attractiveness after she had passed her teens would be beyond the compre hension of the oriental mind, and until the last quarter of a century the western world has been hardly less material in its estimate of feminine character. The heroine of the original novel was the fourteen-year-old. "Sweet sixteen" and "blooming eighteen" were the favorite ages less than half a century ago, and it was not until the multiplication of colleges for woman kept her from society until past twenty that the world of fiction-usually a fair reflection of a world of realities-discovered the possibilities of sweetness in the early twenties.

The increase in the longevity of girlhood is the result of woman's broader life and a wider recognition of her capabilities and possibilities. Among the better classes the girl's need of education and right to it are as readily conceded to her as are the boy's privileges to him. The old time fallacy that girls mature more rapidly than boys no longer serves as reason for thrusting upon the undeveloped maiden of sixteen cares for which she is no more ready than is the average boy of that age. Up to twenty-one and later the young woman of the period is busy with her books and educational interests, and instead of being a mother at eighteen, as her grandmother was be fore her, she is now what she should be

at that age—a happy, unfettered girl.

Nor is the tag, "old maid," affixed to the unmarried woman at as early an age as formerly, when twenty-five was denominated the "second corner" and thirty marked the age of forlorn spinsterhood. A study of marriage statistics in fashionable society will show that of fresh life. more girls marry after twenty-five than younger, and further study of modern society will reveal the fact that its belles are quite as often women in the thirties

as in the twenties.
The girl of eighteen has the charm or vouth, and the world will always pay tribute to her innocence and freshn but she no longer poses, as in the earlier century, as the divine creature who can compel all knees to bow before her. Indeed the debutantes of modern society often complain that the adoration which should be theirs is borne off by the young | I'm to have six bridesmaids and the last matrons and bewitching widows, and i this is so it only com diments the good

sense of society. Men demand more of women than they once did, and this the woman of the world soon learns. If she is more interesting at thirty than she was at twenty it is because she has learned the importance of being as well as looking attract-Indeed it may be argued that the wise woman of modern times is learning the lesson of history, which is that the secret of lasting charm is found in the culture of something more than youth-

Cleopatra was no longer a girl when she subjugated the heart of Marc Antony, and it is difficult to believe that the secret of her inexhaustible attractiveness, whose "infinite variety age could not wither nor custom stale," was found in the play of shapely limbs or the flash of beautiful eyes. Josephine had passed the boundaries of girlhood when she won the heart of Napoleon, and the leaders of the French salon were women of years as well as of intellect.

Who remembers to incuire how old Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was when reading of her triumphs as the most brilliant woman of the reign of George II? Who ever thinks of the beautiful Mme, de Recatater as a woman "well on in years," or a sociates a thought of age

with Mme de Stael?
And in our own country and day are not the women most honored in society, in literature, in the world, women who have studied life, and whose faces oftener showed fines of thought than checks

ableson with the glow of youth? The Clarious and the Lucys and the Marianas have had their day. A new type of femininity has arisen, and the combination of angel and blist formerly idealized in pactry and fiction no longer exists. The artificial, hothouse aprenner of girlhood, in whose nature all spontaneity was represed is now rarely met

Girls arconcouraged to be natural and unoff-und and educated less in stilled ideas of propriety than they were when the macronic of youth was marred by enforced teaching upon the measity of securing a home and providing one's self with a husband. The incincts and desires of youth are not crushed out nathey were under the old regime, and the life. previous and mornal develops more in accordance with natural laws.

The mothers of the present have discovered that enfeshed constitutions and impaired vital powers are the result of the productions of past generations of women. In consequence girls of today are encouraged, as are their brothers, in all athlete sport and out of door exercise, and in the twiter circles of society early startings are no longer desired by intelligent parents, where are learning physiological truths which the Spartans respected and recognized when they pinte laws fortistling their females to marry under twenty-five or their males , house and has never been exhibited.

and honor are now open to women every-where that in every rank of life women Game on the People. are more independent than their grand-mothers would have dared to be. The

ity as regards her age are rarely perpetrated now. Up to thirty-five no woman besitates to acknowledge her age, and a successful novel of recent years actually How the Government Will Profit by the Issue of the Columbian Postage

Uncle Sam is working a confidence game on his dear, confiding nephews and nicces with some of those Coknows that with years she gains in charm —that where in her first season she bored and irritated the man who took her out to dinner she has in her full.

to dinner she has in her fuller maturity and experience a stimulus and a fascithere is no practical use to which those big stamps of a higher denomination nation for him. Women of society know. too. that to retain their sovereignty they must cultivate individuality and be somecan be put. The \$2, \$3, \$4, and \$5 stamps showing Columbus in the various stirring scenes of his life will look nice in a stamp album. The \$2 stamp with Columbus in chains, the \$3 stamp thing more than reflectors of the life around them. Hence it happens that in-stead of the exceptionally brilliant woman of the last century the women of to- with Columbus describing his thire day are as a whole women of wit, of intelligence, of versatility. Women have more interests in life than they had in past years. Literary clubs, reading circles, language classes and a host of other stimulating interests keep the modern woman young and active. People grow old not from years, but from want of on white background and hidden who buy them can never use the purpose.
Some one has said that the age of States mail and get the worth of their grandmothers is past and deplores the departure of the picturesque old ladies who, adorned with spotless kerchiefs and close made caps, formerly occupied the rocking chairs in the warmest corners and industriously knitted endless socks. But if they have gone we have in their

stead worthy successors, of whom Mrs. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher and Elizabeth Cady Stanton are illustrious examples. These women are all past "threescore years and ten," and still no one of them has as yet laid her scepter down. No one thinks of these women as old, for their lives are limit of weight allowed-four pounds calendars when they rise above the material plane. The women who fear the years for the wrinkles they may bring or the lines across beauty which they may make will never possess the fresh-ness of spirit which is life's greatest charm. But the women who stay young in spite of years are those whose lives hold many interests. They are the ones who do not feel that with the attainment

of a certain age desuctude of all the powers must ensue. They never grow "too old" to enjoy life and all its stimu-Books are third-class matter, and the Fifty years ago it would have been a past thirty as students in any depart-ment of active effort. Today women of all ages are found in every field of activity. The woman of forty takes up a

The sender of mail cannot double up much zeal as a girl of twenty, and the world forgets to consider the age of those who fling over its dusty highways the flowers of new thought and the fragrance LAURA GIDDINGS. must consist of but one publication.

or-so is cudgeling her brain for novel-ties and has hit upon a decided one. has been 90 cents. These will n "I am going to have Rex bring up the rear of the bridal procession," she an-

Everybody laughed. Rex is her fa-"Of course it wouldn't do in church, but as it's at home I don't see why not. possession of them.

The Columbian stamps, or "jubilee" for stamps of smaller denomination, providing the stamp clerk will make

the exchange. A TEXAN'S PET GENTIPEDES. After They Got Loose Their Owner Bad the Car to Himself

the parlor in leading strings, and it only remains to be seen whether she will adhere to her fancy when the evening armethods son of 'em has got sout?'

pound of dynamite in that cur you could not have created greater conternation. Men and wemen cameambling out of their berths in their nightiups and shortstop clothes. One tereman scrut hed berself on a pin declaimed that a contipodo was in her alothes and got rid of her scant imbiliments in one time and two motions. A fat man, who was a victim of pricitly said the fashtenable usher at a florier heat, imagined that he could feel a centhede eaking its way down his spinal. column and could with difficulty be restrained from jumping out of the car window. Mosquito bites were magnified into deadly wounds and the whole train ransacked for doctors. The colored porter stood on the your platform. watches and miniatures is in a private and shook as though afflicted with the palsy. Everybody crowded into the

under thirty.

Nor do women marry, as formerly, for the sake of a home or of being supported or to escape the odium of being "old maids." So many avenues of usefulness Uncle Sam Playing a Neat

ALMOST A "CON" GAME

Stamps.

According to the Chicago Tribune, voyage, the \$4 stamp with portraits of souvenir half dollar) will show up well on white background tween red leather covers, but people tween red leather covers, but people tween for sending matter through the United money. True the post office will re-ceive mail with these stamps affixed and the clerks will mar the classic features of the discoverer of America with equanimity and a marking pad, but whenever they are used the government will be gainer in sums ranging from \$4.99 down to smaller amounts.

Under the postal laws no package in excess of four pounds can be sent through the mails except books, one of which may be mailed whatever the weight may be. Take as an example of what a man may spend for the transportation of mail matter a letter of huge dimensions which reaches the full The rate for first-class matter is two eents an ounce. Four pounds would equal sixty-four ounces; at two cents an ounce this would equal \$1.28. Then add eight cents for registering and that would amount to \$1.36. A special de-livery stamp could be added, but it would require the special stamp, so that no figuring could bring the sum to a greater figure than \$1.36 which could covered by the stamps in the new

rate of postage is two ounces for one cent. A book weighing twenty pounds would require only \$1.60 in stamps, and there are few books weighing that amount. To use a \$5 stamp a book weighing sixty-two pounds and eight ounces would be needed to get a full return for the money, and there are not many of those books printed.

and make sixty-two pounds of third-class matter by bunching Dickens' Heretofore the largest denomination

represented in stamps sold the public printed during the year 1803 and it is doubtful if they will be put on sale again as the demand for them is next to

Periodical or newspaper stamps for sums as high as \$60 are in constant use in post offices but they are not for sale. Newspaper publishers make deposits with the cashier or pay for each issue sent through the mails. Receipts are given for the amount of the postage and stamps aggregating the amount are pasted on the stub of the receipt, canceled by punching holes through them, and these stubs are sent to the post office department in Washington. The department is very particular not to let these stamps get out of its possession, and stamp collectors have been known to resort to all sorts of tricks to secure

stamps, as Postmaster General Wanamaker denominates them, cannot be used for second-class matter, which is sent through the mails for one cent a pound. The denominations of the newspaper stamps are 1, 2, 8, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 24. 36. 48. 60, 72, 84 and 98 cents, and \$1.93, \$2, \$6, \$9, \$12, \$24, \$38, \$48 and \$60. Columbian stamps of the denomina-tions named, \$2, \$3, \$4 and \$5, can be used only for stamp collections, or a purchaser may have them exchanged

"I was going to New York some time ago," said a traveler to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man. "At a way station in Indiana a little old man entered the sleeper, carrying a wooden box bored full of small holes. The car was crowded, and nearly everybody had gone to bed. The newcomer ordered his booth made up, and retired to the smoking-compartment car for a few whiffs on a black brierwood pipe that was strong enough to carl the hair on a wooden Indian. When he started to retire he picked up his perferated box. The cover had come off, and the little man stood staring at it with such a look of hopeless, helpless despair that I ventured to sak him what was the mutter. " "Matter?" he shricked in his thin falsetto that went through the car like the note of a bagpipe, "matter? I had six contipodes in that bex which I was taking home from Texas, and the last "Well, sir, if you had exploded a



next car shook out their clothes gingerly and made hasty but fearful toil-ets in the presence of half a hundred horrified passengers. There was no more sleep that night. I had forgotten my meerschaum pipe, and in fear and trembling went back to recover it. I found the wretched author of all our misery poking around with his box, looking for his lost pets and mourning because he found them not. He said he paid two dollars apiece for then in Cisco, Tex., and the very thought of being twelve dollars loser nearly broke

DINNER IS AN OLD INSTITUTION.

It Has Always Enjoyed the Distinction of Being the Chief Mest. It is believed by some that the word dinner springs from a corruption of the word "dixheures," indicating the time at which, in the old Norman days, this meal was taken. The more idea, says the Chicago Tribune, of having dinner at the barbarous hour of ten o'clock in the morning would in all probability send a modern chef into a fit, yet it was at this early time that persons of quality, both in England and France, partook of the meal. Proissart mentions waiting upon the duke of Lancaster at five o'clock in the afternoon, after he had supped, and during the reign of Francis I. and Louis XII. of France fashionable people dined at half past ten and supped at the latest at six o'clock in the evening. From a Northumberland household book bearing date 1513 one learns that the family rose at six o'clock, breakfasted at seven, dined at ten, supped at four at ishut the gates at nine p. m.

Louis XIV. did not dine till twelve. while his contemporaries, Cromwell and Charles II., took the meal at one. In 1700 the hour was advanced to two, and in 1751 the duchess of Somerset's dinner time was three. In 1760 Cowper speaks of four o'clock as the then fash ionable time. After the battle of works or any other set of works. When the package exceeds four pounds it which the beau monde took their subwaterloo six p. m. was the time at year, Mr. Thomas Sharp, clock and which the beau monde took their substantial meal, while at the present day watchmaker, of Stratford-upon-Avon. many of the nobility do not dine until eight or nine.

The Romans in the time of Cicero and Augustus took breakfast from three to four in the morning, a luncheon at twelve or one, and at about 5 o'clock the coena or principal meal of the day, corresponding with our dinner. A Roman dinner at the house of a wealthy man consisted chiefly of three courses. All sorts of stimulants to the appetite were first served up and eggs were indispensable to the first course. Among the various dishes we may instance the guinea hen, pheasant, nightingale and the thrush as birds most in reputs. The Roman gourmands held peacocks in great estimation, especially their tongues. Macrobius states that they were first eaten by Hortensius, the orator, and acquired such repute that a single peacock was sold at fifty denarii, the denarius being equal to about seventeen cents of our money.

WUMEN PROMPT TO PAY.

Hotel Clerks Admire the Susines Methods of Women's Clubs. The various women's clubs and organizations of one sort and another that hold meetings and banquets at the hotels have so increased in the past few years that it has become a distinct phase of hotel management to care for this branch of the business. The hotel like to cater to this custom. The pay is prompt and the women are never up

one of the hotels by a woman's club, at the close of which, about five o'clock, the treasurer approached the cashier at his desk and asked for the bill. "What bill?" he inquired, not under

reasonable, says the New York Times

Last spring a breakfast was given at

standing. "Why, our bill for to-day's entertain ment, the-club's bill." The clerk rallied and consulted his books, soon announcing the amount,

money was counted cut and handed "Well, really, ladies," said the clerk, as he signed a receipt, "if you were men I should offer clears or a bottle of wine on the part of the house for this unusual promptness. Is there snything we can do for you? You really take my breath away. We are not accustomed

two hundred and eighty dollars. The

to be paid for a banquet before its cishes are washed." It is the exception when all such bills are not paid with equal promptness by these gatherings of women.

"THE QUEEN WENT OUT." Extracts from Victoria's Contribution t the Ouern.

On Thursday morning, the 25th alt., the queen and Princess Bentrice went out, and in the afternoon her majesty drove, attended by Hon. Bertha Lam bert and Hon. Mary Hughes. Et. Hon. Henry Campbell Bunnerman and Fleet Surgean Henry C. Woods dined with the

On Wednesday morning the queer went out with Princess Bestrice, and in. the afternoon her emjests and the prineess drove out, attended by Miss Me-Neill. The duchess of Albumy, with the young duke and Princess Alice Imaged with the queen. Rt. Hon. Henry Campbell-limpnerman dined with the queen. Maj Beiggs left.

On Saturday morning the queen went afternoon her majosty drove, attended by Viscougless Domno and Miss Mo J.F.SMITH \$00., For NEWYORK

Netll. Maj. Gen. T. Donnehy serived. On Morday morning the queen went ont, attended, by Miss McNeill. In the ont, stended, by ans merkell. In the afternoon her majesty, with Princes licatrice, drove, attended by Viscountes Downe. Prince licary of Battenber, left the castle for the south.

MORE ROOM NEEDED.

Two Hundred Millions.

That there are children now born who will live long enough to see the people of the United States number from 150,020,000 to 200,000,000, anya Erastus Wiman in the current number of the Engineering Magazine, is a consideration that should have great weight in contemplating the conditions that now are beginning to prevail. If, in the ten years just closed, the popular tion has increased at a rate of nearly 25 per cent., and we now start out with 05,000,000, fifty years at the same rate of progression will bring the population up to very nearly 200,000,000. But, even if the same rate is not maintained, and if only 150,000,000 is reached, this enormous growth will have consequences of a character that should now be considered, with special reference to enlarged territory and widened area of opportunity. There is hardly nowthing more ity. There is hardly anything more certain under the sun than this growth, and its certainty should deeply impress every one who thinks at all with the importance of making preparation for an increase so momento

An Old Mulberry Tree.

It may be interesting to know that there is still an old mulberry tree, a there is still an old mulberry tree, a cutting from Shakespeure's tree, planted by Garrick in the garden of the house occupied by the late Mr. Fisk, at the corner of All Saints' street, Hastings, says a correspondent of the London Notes and Queries. I clipped the inclosed announcement from the Manchester Mercury of October, 1799: "Died, and sole purchaser of the mulberry tree planted there by the immortal Shake-

The American flag now floats from the Administration building at Jackson park to signify that the world's fair buildings and grounds are in the possession of the United States government. Vice President Morton accepted them on behalf of the government on dedication day, but actual possession was not taken until Director General Davis, the chief government world's fair official, moved into his offices in the Administration building. The raising of the stars and stripes signaled that event.

A Hot Water Siot Machine.

Paris is now supplied with a novel sort of fountain for furnishing hot water to the people. An automatic machine is used, to which the water is conducted by means of subterranean pipes. It runs through a coiled-up cop-per tubing three hundred feet long, and is heated during its progress through this by gas, which is coin equivalent in value to one cent. The amount of hot water supplied is about eight quarts.

At the present time the whole num ber of double stars known and records by astronomers is something over ten thousand, far exceeding the total num-ber of stars visible to the naked eye in the entire firmament (about six thousand), and others are being frequently discovered by the great telescopes now in existence.

Showers of Volemete Ashes Vocanic ashes often travel a long dis-tance. A remarkable shower of volcanie ashes has occurred recently in my eral parts of Finland. The grow some places has been covered to the depth of nearly an Inch. The phenom-enon is attributed to volcanic eruptions in Iceland, hundreds of miles away.

A Wife's Wrongs. Applicant-I want a divorce Lawyer-On what grounds? Applicant - Unfaithfulness anys Geopatra was the most ber woman that ever lived - Troth

Hunker-Miss Flypp, will you beet esters or tor-presen? Miss Flypp Both, please -Truth



Are guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks, Sick-Headache, La Grippe, Colds, Liver Complaint and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists. Picture "7. out with Princess Reading, and to the 17, 70" and sample dose free.